

King. Well, let it strike.  
 Buc. Why let it strike?  
 King. Because that like a Iacke thou keepst the stroke  
 Betwixt thy begging and my meditation:  
 I am not in the giuing vaine to day.  
 Buc. Why then resolute me whether you will or no?  
 King. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine.  
 Buc. Is it euen so, rewards hee my true seruice  
 With such deepe contempt, made I him King for this?  
 O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone  
 To *Brecknocke*, while my fearefull head is on.

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tiranous and bloody deede is done,  
 The most arch-acts of pitious massacre,  
 That euer yet this land was guilty of,  
*Dighton* and *Forrest* whom I did subborne,  
 To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,  
 Although they were flesht villaines, bloody dogs,  
 Melting with tendernesse and compassion,  
 Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:  
 Loe thus quoth *Dighton* lay these tender babes,  
 Thus, thus quoth *Forrest* girdling one another  
 Within their inoent alablaster armes,  
 Their lipes like foure red Roses on a stalke,  
 When in there sommer beauty kist each other,  
 A booke of prayer one their pillow laie,  
 which once quoth *Forrest* almost chang'd my mind,  
 But O the Diuell! there the villian stopt,  
 Whilst *Dighton* thus told, on we smothered  
 The most replenisht sweet worke of nature  
 That from the prime Creation euer he framde,  
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,  
 To bring these tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And heare he comes. All haile my soueraigne Liege.  
 King. Kind Tirrell, and I happy in thy newes?  
 Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge  
 Beget your hapynesse, bee happy then,  
 For it is done my Lord.

King. But didst thou see them dead?  
 Tir. I did my Lord.  
 King. And buried gentle Tirrell?  
 Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:  
 But how or in what place I doe not know.  
 King. Come to mee Tirrell soone after supper,  
 And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,  
 Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,  
 And be inheritor of thy desire, Exit Tirrell.  
 Farewell till soone.

The sonne of *Clarence* haue I pend vp close,  
 His daughter meanelly haue I matcht in marriage,  
 The sonnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bosome,  
 And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnight:  
 Now for I know the Brittain *Richmond* aimes  
 And yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,  
 And by that knot lookes proudly ore the Crowne,  
 To her I goe a iolly thriving wooer. Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord.

King. Good newes or bad, that thou comest so bluntly?

Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*,  
 And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy *Welshmen*  
 Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth,

King *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more neare  
 Then *Buckingham* and his rash leueld army:

Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,  
 Is leaden seruitor to dull delay,

Delay leades impotent and snail-pac't beggery,  
 Then fiery expedition be my wings,

Take, *Mercury*, and Herald for a King:

Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,  
 We must be brieft, when traytor's braue the field. Exit.

Enter Queene Margret sola.

Qu. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,  
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death:

Here in these confines I haue I lurkt,

To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:

A dire induction am I witness too,

And will to *France*, hoping the consequence

